



And that it will not lodge a lovely  
 guest) Is turned to rock, and doth  
 the burden bear Of thousand  
 zealous lovers' dear complaints ;  
 Whom thou, with thy fierce cruelty, didst  
 tear ! A huge hard rock, which none  
 can ever move ;  
 And of whose fruit, no man can be possesst\*  
 Thy golden smiles make none attempts too  
 dear: But when attempted once those  
 apples be. The vain Atternpter, after, feels  
 the smart; Who, by thy dragons, Hatred  
 and Disdain,  
 Are torn in sunder with extremity !  
 For having entered, no man can get forth  
 (So those enchanting apples hinder thee),  
 Of such dear prize be things of such rare  
 worth; But even as PERSEUS, JOVE'S thrice  
 valiant son,  
 (Begot of DANAE in a golden shower) Huge  
 ATLAS conquered, when he first begun;  
 Then killed the dragons with his matchless  
 power s At length, the beauteous Golden  
 Apples won. So right is he born in a  
 golden hour  
 (And for his fortune, may from JOVE descend),  
 Who first thine heart (an ATLAS !) hath  
 subdued ; Next, Hatred and Disdain  
 brought to their end; Fierce dragons,  
 which Attempters all pursued, And which,  
 before, none ever have eschewed.  
 At length, who shall these golden  
 apples gain, He shall, alone, be  
 PERSEUS, for his pain !